

Act 2

ARTHUR & EMELINE.

Scene 1



Stothard ad viv del

North Sculp

Miss Furren in the Character of Emeline

This face is neither mine nor thine.

Act 2

ARTHUR & EMELINE.

Scene 1



Stothard ad viv del

North Sculp

Miss Furren in the Character of Emeline

This face is neither mine nor thine.

ARTHUR and EMMELINE.

AN

J. Wood

ENTERTAINMENT OF TWO ACTS,

1804.

Abridged from

The MASQUE of KING ARTHUR.

As altered from DRYDEN,

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

Marked with the Variations in the

MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. BALDWIN, S. BLADON, W. NICOLL,
A. STRAHAN, and W. LOWNDES,

M. DCC. LXXXVI.

15436.11.26.2*

* HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1878

* * The Reader is desired to observe, that
* the Passages omitted in the Representa-
tion at the Theatres, are here preserved,
and marked with inverted Commas;
as from line 11 to line 14 in page 8.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Names of DRYDEN and PURCELL have made the following performance hitherto regarded as one of the best calculated to shew the effects of poetry, action, and music. It is now submitted to the public, with every attention the managers could give it.—The success of this, as well as of all other theatrical exhibitions, will wholly depend upon the present taste, but it is hoped, and believed, that two of our greatest geniuses in poetry and music, if they have justice done them upon the stage, bid fair for public approbation.—There are some slight alterations made, for the greater convenience of representation in its present state, as now abridged and performed as an entertainment of two acts; in which, however, the whole of the plot, together with those parts of the music and machinery most approved of, are preserved, and the interesting scenes of Emmeline scarcely in any respect altered.

Dramatis Personæ, 1786.

<i>Wood</i>	Arthur, King of Britain,	—	—	—	DRURY-LANE.
<i>Cain</i>	Oswald, King of Kent, a Saxon,	—	—	—	MR. KEMBLE.
<i>Wauze</i>	Conon, Duke of Cornwall, Friend to Arthur,	—	—	—	MR. BARRYMORE.
—	Aurelius, a British Courier,	—	—	—	MR. PACKER.
<i>W. Hunter</i>	Guillamar, a Saxon Officer,	—	—	—	MR. R. PALMER.
<i>W. H. H.</i>	Merlin, the British Prophet,	—	—	—	MR. SPENCER.
<i>Wood</i>	Osmond, a Saxon Magician,	—	—	—	MR. AICKIN.
<i>W. H. H.</i>	Emmeline, Daughter to Conon,	—	—	—	MR. STAUNTON.
<i>W. H. H.</i>	Matilda, her Attendant,	—	—	—	MISS FARREN.
<i>W. H. H.</i>	Grimbald, a Fiend	—	—	—	MISS BARNES.
<i>W. H. H.</i>	Venus,	—	—	—	MR. BANNISTER.
<i>W. H. H.</i>	Phyllidel, an airy Spirit,	—	—	—	MRS. CROUCH.
<i>W. H. H.</i>	Hyperion Spirit of Light,	—	—	—	MRS. FORSTER.
		—	—	—	MISS GEORGE.

The rest of the Vocal Parts, by Mr. WILLIAMS, Mr. DANBY, Mr. FAWCETT, Mr. WILLSON,
Mr. CHAPLIN, Mr. ALFRED, Mr. NEWBOLD, Miss CRANFORD, Miss BURNETT, Mrs. LOVE,
Mrs. BURNETT, Mrs. BOOTH, &c.

Officers, Soldiers, Priests, Shepherds, Nymphs, &c. &c.

The Scene lies in Kent.

ARTHUR and EMMELINE.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *a gothic temple, being a place of heathen worship; the three Saxon gods, Woden, Thor, and Freya, placed on pedestals.*

Enter Oswald and Osmond.

Osw. **F**ATHER of gods and men, great Woden, hear,
Give conquest to the Saxon race and me.

Osmond. Thor, Freya, Woden, hear, and spell your Saxons,
With sacred Runic rhymes, 'gainst death in battle;
Edge their bright swords, and blunt the Britons' darts.

[Grimbald rises.]

No more, great prince, for see my trusty fiend,
Who all the night has wing'd the dusky air.
What news, my Grimbald?

Grim. I have play'd my part;
For I have steel'd the fools that are to die;
Six fools, so prodigal of life and soul,
That for their country they devote their lives
A sacrifice to mother earth and Woden.

Osmond. Say, where's thy fellow servant, Philidel?
Why comes not he?

Grim. He is a puling sprite;—but half a devil.
Why didst thou chuse a tender airy form,
Unequal to the mighty work of mischief?
For when without delay he should have hurl'd
Certain destruction on the Christian camp,
He spied the red-cross banners of their host;
And said he durst not add to his perdition.

Osmond. I'll punish him at leisure.
Call in the victims to propitiate hell.

Grim. That's my kind master, I shall breakfast on
them.

[Exit.]

Osw. Ambitious fools we are,
And yet ambition is a god-like fault:
Or rather, 'tis no fault in souls born great,
Who dare extend their glory by their deeds.

Grimbald *re-enters with six Saxons in white, with swords
in their hands, priests and singers.*

SACRIFICE SONG.

RECITATIVE I.—Mr. Danby.
Woden, first to thee,
A milk-white steed, in battle won,

ARTHUR AND EMMELINE.

We have sacrificed.
 Chor. *We have sacrificed.*
 RECITATIVE II.——Mr. Williames.

*Let our next oblation be
 To Thor, thy thundering son,
 Of such another.*
 Chor. *We have sacrificed.*

RECITATIVE III.——Mr. Danby.
*A third (of Friezeland breed was he)
 To Woden's wife, and to Thor's mother :
 And now we have aton'd all three,
 We have sacrificed.*
 Chor. *We have sacrificed.*

RECITATIVE IV.——Miss Stageldoir.
*The lot is cast, and Tanfan pleas'd :
 Of mortal cares you shall be eas'd.*

CHORUS.

*Brave souls to be renown'd in story,
 Honour prizing,
 Death despising,
 Fame acquiring,
 By expiring,
 Die and reap the fruits of glory.*

[The scene closes upon them.]

SCENE, A landscape.

Enter Aurelius and Conon.

Con. Then this is the deciding day, to fix
 Britannia's scepter in great Arthur's hand.

Aur. Or put it in the bold invader's gripe.
 Oswald is valiant.

Con. Such was the character he then maintain'd,
 When in my court he sought my daughter's love :
 My fair blind Emmeline.

Aur. For that defeat in love he rais'd this war.
 For royal Arthur reign'd within her heart,
 Ere Oswald mov'd the suit.

Con. Arthur is all that's excellent in Oswald;
 And void of all his faults : in battle brave,
 But still serene in all the stormy war,
 Like heav'n above the clouds ; and after fight,
 As merciful and kind to vanquish'd foes,
 As a forgiving God. [Flourish.] But see, he comes.
 And praise is dumb before him.

Enter

ARTHUR AND EMMELINE. 7

Enter King Arthur, [reading a letter] with attendants.

Arth. [reading.] 'Go on, auspicious prince, the stars are kind;

Unfold thy banners to the willing wind;

While I, with airy legions, help thy arms;

Confronting art with art, and charms with charms.

So Merlin writes; nor can we doubt th' event,

With heav'n and you, our friends. Oh noble Conon!

You taught my tender hands the trade of war:

And now again you helm your hoary head,

And under double weight of age and arms,

Assert your country's freedom and my crown.

Con. No more, my son.

Arth. Most happy in that name!

Your Emmeline, to Oswald's vows refus'd,

You made my plighted bride:

Your charming daughter, who like love, born blind,

Un-aiming hits with surest archery,

And innocently kills.

Con. Remember, son,

You are a general; other wars require you,

For see, the Saxon grofs begins to move.

Arth. By heav'n 'tis beauteous horror!

The noble Oswald has provok'd my envy.

Enter Emmeline, led by Matilda.

Ha! now my love, my Emmeline appears,

A new, but oh, a softer flame inspires me:

E'en rage and vengeance slumber at her sight.

Con. Haste your farewell; I'll cheer my troops and wait you. *[Exit Conon.]*

Em. O father, father, I am sure you're here;

Because I see your voice.

Arth. No, thou mistak'st thy hearing for thy sight:

He's gone, my Emmeline;

And I but stay to gaze on those fair eyes,

Which cannot view the conquest they have made.

Oh star-like night, dark only to thyself,

But full of glory, as those lamps of heaven

That see not when they shine.

Em. What is this heav'n, and stars, and night, and day,

To which you thus compare my eyes and me?

I understand you when you say you love:

For, when my father clasps my hand in his,

'That's cold, and I can feel it hard and wrinkled ;
But when you take it, then I sigh, and pant,
And something presses to my heart.

Arth. Oh artless love! where the soul moves the
tongue,

And only nature speaks what nature thinks!
Had she but eyes!

Em. Just now you said I had.

Arth. But neither see.

Em. I'm sure they hear you then :

What can your eyes do more ?

Arth. They view your beauties.

Em. Do not I see ? you have a face, like mine.

Arth. That is not sight, but touching with your
hands.

Em. Then 'tis my hand that sees, and that's all one :
For is not seeing touching with your eyes ?

Arth. No, for I see at distance, where I touch not.

Em. If you can see so far, and yet not touch,
I fear you see my naked legs and feet
Quite through my clothes ; pray do not see so well.

Arth. Fear not, sweet innocence ;

I view the lovely features of your face ;
Your lips carnation, your dark-shaded eye-brows,
Blue eyes, and milk-white forehead ; all the colours
That make your beauty, and produce my love.

Em. Nay, then, you do not love on equal terms :
I love you dearly, without all these helps ;
I cannot see your lips carnation,
Your shaded eye-brows, nor your milk-white eyes.

Arth. Alas, 'tis vain to instruct your innocence.
You have no notion of light or colours.

[*Trumpet sounds within.*]

Em. Why, is not that a trumpet ?

Arth. Yes.

Em. I knew it.

And I can tell you how the sound on't looks ;
It looks as if it had an angry fighting face.

Arth. 'Tis now indeed a sharp unpleasant sound,
Because it calls me hence, from her I love,
To meet ten thousand foes.

Em. How do so many men e'er come to meet ?
This devil trumpet vexes 'em, and then

They

They feel about for one another's face :
And so they meet and kill.

Arth. When we have gain'd the field, I'll tell ye all ;
One kiss of your fair hand, the pledge of conquest,
And so a short farewell.

[*Kisses her hand and Exit with Aurelius and attendants.* *OP.*]

Em. My heart and vows go with him to the fight ;
May every foe be that, which they call blind,
And none of all their swords have eyes to find him !
But lead me nearer to the trumpet's face ;
For that brave sound upholds my fainting heart ;
And whilst I hear, methinks I fight my part.

[*Flourish. Exit, led by Matilda.* *PS.*]

SCENE, *A camp, drums, trumpets, and military shouts.*

MARTIAL SONG.—*Mr. Williames.*

Come if you dare, our trumpets sound ;

Come if you dare, the foes rebound :

We come, we come, we come, we come,

Says the double, double, double beat of the thund'ring drum.

See they charge on amain,

Now they rally again ;

The gods from above the mad labour behold,

And pity mankind that will perish for gold.

Chor. See they charge, &c.

[*Exeunt drums and trumpets. A march.* *Alam.*]

SCENE, *A general engagement between the Britons and Saxons, in which the Britons are conquerors.*

SCENE changes to a rural prospect.

Enter Philidel. *OP.*

Phil. Alas, for pity, of this bloody field !
Piteous it needs must be, when I, a spirit,
Can have so soft a sense of human woes !

W. SCENE draws and discovers Merlin's cave. *He comes forward.*

Mer. What art thou, spirit ? of what name or order ?
(For I have view'd thee in my magic glass)
Making thy moan among the midnight wolves,
That bay the silent moon : speak, I conjure thee,
'Tis *Merlin* bids thee.

Phil. An airy shape, the tend'rest of my kind,
The last seduc'd, and least deform'd of hell :
Half white, and shuffled in the crowd, I fell,

Desirous to repent, and loth to sin :
Awkward in mischief, piteous of mankind.
My name is *Philidel*.

Mer. Thy business here ?

Phil. To shun the *Saxon* wizard's dire commands,
Osmond, the awfull'st name next thine below.
'Cause I refus'd to hurl a noisome fog
On christen'd heads, the hue-and-cry of hell
Is rais'd against me.

Mer. *Osmond* shall know, a greater power protects thee!
Now mark me, *Philidel*,

I will employ thee for thy future good :
Thou know'st, in spite of valiant *Oswald*'s arms,
Or *Osmond*'s powerful spells, the field is ours——

Phil. Oh master !
Grimbald is at hand,
I snuff his earthy scent :
The conquering *Britons* he misleads to rivers,
Or dreadful downfalls of unheeded rocks.

Mer. Be that thy task.
Warn off the bold pursuers from the chace :
But lest fierce *Grimbald*'s pond'rous bulk oppress
Thy tender flitting air, I'll leave my band
Of spirits with united strength to aid thee,
And force by force repel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, A wood.

Enter Grimbald and his followers disguised like shepherds,
leading King Arthur, Conon, Aurelius, and attendants.

Grim. Thus clad in shepherds weeds, I and my brother
fiends,

The foolish *Britons* take us for their guides. [Aside.

Here, this way, *Britons*, follow *Oswald*'s flight.

Arth. I thank thee, shepherd ;
Expect reward, we follow thee, lead on.

[As Arthur is going off, enter *Philidel* and
followers.]

SONG.—Mrs. Forster.

Hither this way, this way bend,
Trust not that malicious fiend ;
These are false deluding lights,
Wasted far and near by sprites,
Trust 'em not, for they'll deceive you,
And in bogs and marshes leave you.

Chor.

Chor. of Phil. spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*

Chor. of Grim. spirits. *This way, this way bend.*

Phil. sings. *If you step, no danger thinking,
Down you fall, a furlong sinking :
'Tis a fiend who has annoy'd ye ;
Name but hear'n, and he'll avoid ye.*

Chor. of Phil. spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*

Chor. of Grim. spirits. *This way, this way bend.*

Philidel's spirits. *Trust not that malicious fiend.*

Grimbald's spirits. *Trust me, I'm no malicious fiend.*

Philidel's spirits. *Hither this way, &c.*

Grim. By hell she sings them back, in my despite.

I'd a voice in heav'n once, ere sulph'rous steams

Had damp'd it to a hoarseness : try it now.

SONG.—Mr. Bannister.

*Let not a moon-born elf mislead ye
From your prey, and from your glory.
Too far, alas, he has betray'd ye :
Follow the flames that wave before ye :
Sometimes seven, and sometimes one ;
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.
See, see, the footsteps plain appearing,
That way Oswald chose for flying :
Firm is the turf, and fit for bearing,
Where yonder pearly dew is lying,
Far he cannot hence be gone ;
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.*

Arth. 'Tis true, he says ; the footsteps yet are plain
Upon the sod, no falling dew-drops have
Disturb'd the print. [All are going to follow Grimbald.

Phil. sings. *Hither this way.*

Chor. of Phil. spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*

Chor. of Grim. spirits. *This way, this way bend.*

Philidel's spirits. *Trust not that malicious fiend.*

Grimbald's spirits. *Trust me, I'm no malicious fiend.*

Philidel's spirits. *Hither this way, &c.*

[They all incline to Philidel.

Grim. speaks. Curse on her voice, I must my prey
forego ;

Thou, Philidel, shalt answer this below.

[Grimbald sinks in a flash of fire. *B.P. 2 Now*

Arth. At length the cheat is plain ;

The cloven-footed fiend is vanish'd from us;
Good angels be our guards, and bring us back.

Phil. singing. *Come follow, follow, follow me.*

Chor. *Come follow, &c.*

And me. And me. And me.

Verf. 2. Voc. *And green-sward all your way shall be.*

Chor. *Come follow, &c.*

Verf. *No goblin or elf shall dare to offend ye.*

Chor. *No, no, no, &c.*

No goblin or elf shall dare to offend ye.

Verf. 3. Voc. *We brethren of air,*

You heroes will bear

To the kind and the fair that attend ye.

Chor. *We brethren, &c.*

[*Philidel and the spirits go off singing, with King Arthur and the rest in the middle of them.*]

SCENE, *A camp and Emmeline's pavilion, with a bank. Moonlight.*

Enter Emmeline led by Matilda.

Em. No news of my dear love, or of my father?

Mat. None, madam, since the gaining of the battle.

Em. If Arthur's slain,

I mean to die: but there's a greater doubt;

For since I never saw him here,

How shall I meet him in another world?

Mat. Indeed I know not.

Em. Oh surely I should find him

Among a thousand angels in the sky.

Mat. But what kind of man do you suppose him?

Em. He must be made of the most precious things,

And I believe his mouth, and eyes, and cheeks,

And nose, and all his face are made of gold.

Mat. Heaven blefs us, madam, what a face you make him!

Em. Yet I must know him better: of all colours,

Tell me which is the purest and the softest.

Mat. They say 'tis black.

Em. Why then, since gold is hard, and yet is precious,

His face must all be made of soft black gold.

Mat. But madam——

Em. No more; I have learn'd enough for once.

Enter

Enter Oswald and Guillamar.

Osw. The night has wilder'd us : and we are fall'n
Among their foremost tents.

Guil. Ha ! what are these !
They seem of more than vulgar quality.

Em. What sounds are those ? They cannot far be
distant ;

Where are we now, *Matilda* ?

Mat. Just before your tent.
Fear not, they must be friends, '~~and they approach.~~'

Em. My *Arthur*, speak, my love, are you return'd
To bless your *Emmeline* ?

Osw. [*to Guillamar*] I know that face :
'Tis the ungrateful fair, who, scorning mine,
Accepts my rival's love : heav'n, thou'rt bounteous,
Thou ow'st me nothing.

Mat. '~~Fear grows upon me :~~'
Speak what you are ; speak, or I call for help.

Osw. We are your guards.

Mat. Ah me ! we are betray'd ; 'tis *Oswald's* voice.

Em. Let them not see our voices, and then they can-
not find us.

Osw. Passions in men oppress'd are doubly strong,—
I take her from king *Arthur* ; there's revenge ;

Fear nothing, ladies, you shall be safe.

[*Oswald and Guillamar seize Emmeline and Matilda.*

Em. and Mat. Help, help !

Osw. By heav'n ye injure me ; tho' force is us'd,
Your honour shall be sacred.

Em. Help, help, Oh *Britons*, help !

Osw. Your *Britons* cannot help you :
This arm thro' all their troops shall force my way :
Yet neither quit my honour nor my prey.

[*Exeunt, the women still crying.*

'[An alarm within, and a cry of Follow
' follow, follow']

S C E N E, *Reeks and water.*

Enter Aurelius and soldiers.

Aur. Furl up our colours, and unbrace our drums ;

Dislodge betimes, and quit this fatal post.

'Th' imbattled legions of fire, air, and earth,
Are banded for our foes. But who are these ?

Stand !—*Conan*, what's th' alarm ?

ARTHUR AND EMMELINE.

Enter Conon, Captain of Guards, and soldiers.

Con. Our victory is spoil'd,
And we are outwitted by the Saxons,
My *Emmeline*, my daughter's carried off!

Aur. Mishap indeed!—and here
Some more than mortal pow'r assaults our guards.
How fares it with great *Arthur*?

Con. As when the lover with the king is mixt,
He puts the gain of *Britain* in one scale,
Which weighing with the loss of *Emmeline*,
He thinks he's scarce a faver. But see,
He comes, with *Merlin*, in whose aid we trust.

Enter Merlin and Arthur. *PP*

Mer. Wait heav'n's time, '~~the attempt's too dangerous~~'
There's not a tree in that enchanted grove,
But's number'd out, and giv'n by tale to fiends:
And under ev'ry leaf a spirit couch'd.
But by what method to dissolve these charms,
Is yet unknown to me.

Arth. Hadst thou been here (for what can thwart thy
skill?)

Nor *Emmeline* had been the boast of *Ofwald*;
Nor I, forewarn'd, been wanting to her guard.

Con. Her darken'd eyes had seen the light of heav'n;
That was thy promise too, and this the time.

Mer. Nor has my aid been absent, tho' unseen;
• I have employ'd a subtle airy sprite
• T' explore the passage and prepare thy way.
• Myself mean time, will view the magic wood,
• To learn whereon depends its force.

• *Con.* But *Emmeline*—

Mer. Fear not: ere long she shall receive her sight.

Arth. Oh might I hope (and what's impossible
To *Merlin*'s art?) to be myself the bearer,
That with the light of heav'n she may discern
Her lover first.

Mer. 'Tis wond'rous hazardous:
Yet I foresee th' event, 'tis prosperous.
I'll bear ye safe, and bring ye back unharm'd:
Then lose not precious time, but follow me.

[*Exeunt omnes.* *PP*

SCENE,

Bring up Richard

SCENE, *A wood, with the sun.**Enter Philidel.**Phil.* I left all safe behind :

At ev'ry walk I pass'd, I drew a spell :
 So that if any fiend, abhorring heav'n,
 There sets his foot, it roots him to the ground.
 Now could I but discover *Emmeline*,
 My task was fairly done.

[*Grimbald rushes out, seizes Philidel, and binds him in a chain.*

Grim. O rebel, have I caught thee!*Phil.* Ah me! what hard mishap!*Grim.* What just revenge!

Thou miscreant elf, thou renegado scout.
 So clean, so furbish'd, so renew'd in white,
 The livery of my foes; I see thee thro':
 What mak'st thou here? Thou trim apostate, speak.

Phil. Ah, mighty *Grimbald*,
 Who would not fear when seiz'd in thy strong gripe?
 I'm fled from *Merlin*, free as air that bore me,
 T' unfold to *Osmond* all his deep designs.

Grim. I believe nothing: oh thou fond impostor.
 But since thou say'st thy errand was to *Osmond*,
 To *Osmond* shalt thou go. March, know thy driver.

Phil. [*kneeling.*] Oh spare me, *Grimbald*, and I'll be
 thy slave;

Tempt hermits for thee in their holy cells,
 And virgins in their dreams.

Grim. Canst thou, a devil, hope to cheat a devil?
 A spy! why that's a name abhorr'd in hell.
 Hast, forward, forward, or I'll goad thee on
 With iron spurs.

Phil. But use me kindly then:
 Pull not so hard to hurt my airy limbs:
 I'll follow thee unforc'd: Look, there's thy way.

Grim. Ay, there's thy way, indeed; but for more surety
 I'll have an eye behind: Not one word more,
 But follow decently.

[*Grimbald goes out, dragging Philidel.*

Phil. So catch him, spell. [*Aside.*

Grim. [*within.*] O help me, help me, *Philidel*.

Phil. Why what's the matter?

Grim. Oh, I'm ensnar'd;

Heav'n's

Heav'n's birdlime wraps me round, and glues my wings.
Loose me and I will free thee:
Do, and I'll be thy slave.

Phil. What to a spy, a name abhorr'd in hell!

Grim. Do not insult. Oh, I grow to the ground!
The fiery net draws closer on my limbs. Oh! oh! oh!

Phil. Thou shalt not have the ease to curse in torments:
Be dumb for one half hour: so long my charm
Can keep thee silent, and there lie
Till *Osmond* breaks thy chain.

[*Philidel* unbinds his own fetters.

Enter *Merlin*. *P.S.*

Mer. Well hast thou wrought thy safety with thy wit,
My *Philidel*; go meritorious on:
Me other work requires, ' to view the wood,
' And learn to make the dire enchantment void;
Meanwhile thy fellows summon, and compound
The precious drops I taught thee to collect,
And to the spirit of light her task assign;
Then may'st thou shew great *Arthur* to his love,
Tho' short must be their interview.

[*Exit*,

Phil. Pleas'd I obey, and haste the mystic rites
That give fair *Emmeline* to light and love.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Phil. Come away,
From grots and cool fountains,
Ye spirits of day,
Who gild lofty mountains.

Chorus. We come, we obey,
With delight to attend thee.

Phil. To bright *Emmeline* bear
The heav'n-born treasure.

Chorus. Come away, we obey!

Phil. With fair *Emmeline* share
Your pure light, love, and pleasure.

Chorus. Lead on, shew the way,
With delight we'll attend thee;
Lead on, shew the way,
Love to light will befriend thee.

[*Exeunt*.

END OF THE FIRST ACT,

ACT

Recitative by ACT II.*Richardson*

SCENE, A landscape.

Philidel Enter Philidel.

RECITATIVE.

Phil. SPIRIT of light descend ~~X~~ the charm's complete.*[Spirit of light descends.]*

Thou bright spirit of pure ethereal light,

By Merlin's will the pleasing task is thine,

T' unveil the eyes of beauteous Emmeline.

Spirit. Delighted, I perform his generous purpose.

SONG.

Spirit. Oh sight, the mother of desires,
 What charming objects dost thou yield?
 'Tis sweet when tedious night expires,
 To see the rosy morning gild
 The mountain tops, and paint the field!
 But when fair Emmeline comes in sight,
 She makes the summer's day more bright,
 And when she goes away 'tis night.
 'Tis sweet the blushing morn to view;
 And plains adorn'd with pearly dew,
 But such cheap delights to see,
 Heaven and nature
 Give each creature;
 They have eyes as well as we;
 This is the joy, all joys above,
 To see, to see,
 That only she
 Whose eyes can light with love.

Phil. Now see fair Emmeline approaches,
 I leave her to thy care, and haste to bring
 Impatient Arthur to her new-born sight.

Enter Emmeline and Matilda. *PS**Mat.* This way, madam, and we shall be shaded.*[Spirit approaches Emmeline, sprinkling some of the water over her eyes out of the vial.]**Spirit:*

Thus, thus I infuse
 These sovereign dews.

Fly back, ye films, that cloud her sight:
 And you, ye crystal humours bright,
 Your noxious vapours purg'd away,
 Recover and admit the day.
 Now look abroad, and see
 All but me,

Em.

Em. Ha! what voice was that? Who spoke?

Mat. I heard the voice; 'tis one of *Osmond's* fiends.

Em. Some blessed angel sure: I feel my eyes
Unseal'd, they walk abroad, and a new world
Comes rushing on, and stands all gay before me.

Mat. 'Oh heav'ns!' Oh joy of joys! she has her sight.

Em. I am new-born; I shall run mad with pleasure.

[*Staring on Matilda.*]

Are women such as thou? Such glorious creatures?

[*Enter Arthur and Philidel.*]

Arth. [*aside.*] Oh how I envy her, to be first seen!

Phil. Approach not yet.

Em. Stand farther; let me take my fill of sight.

[*Looking up.*]

What's that above that weakens my new eyes,
Makes me not see, by seeing?

Mat. 'Tis the sun.

Em. The sun! 'tis sure a God, if that be heav'n:

Oh! if thou art a creature, best and fairest,
How hast thou lighten'd even my very soul,
And let in knowledge by another sense!

Art thou not pleas'd, *Matilda*! Why, like me,
Dost thou not look and wonder?

Mat. Because these sights

Are to my eyes familiar.

Em. That's my joy,

Not to have seen before: for nature now
Comes all at once, confounding my delight.
But oh! what thing am I? Fain would I know;
Or am I blind, or do I see but half?
With all my care, and looking round and round,
I cannot view my face.

Mat. None see themselves

But by reflection; in this glass you may.

[*Gives her a glass.*]

Em. [*looking in the glass.*] What is it?

It holds a face within it: O sweet face!

It draws the mouth, and smiles, and looks on me;

And talks, but yet I cannot hear it speak;

Oh, the pretty thing is dumb!

Mat. The pretty thing

You see within the glass, is you.

Em. What am I two? Is this another me?

Indeed,

Indeed, it wears my clothes, has hands like mine ;
 And mocks whate'er I do ; but that I'm sure
 It cannot be, I'd swear it was my child. [*Matilda looks.*
 Oh look, oh look ! we both are in the glafs.
 Oh, now I know it plain ; they are our names,
 That peep upon us there.

Mat. Our shadows, madam,

Em. Mine is the prettier shadow far than thine.
 Oh, how I do but love it ; let me kiss my t'other self.

[*Kissing the glafs.*
 Alas, I've kiss'd it dead ; the fine thing's gone ;
 Indeed, it kiss'd so cold as if 'twere dying.

[*Arthur comes forward softly ; shewing himself behind her.*

'Tis here again.

Oh, no, this face is neither mine or thine :
 Surely the glafs hath borne another child !

[*She turns and sees Arthur.*

Ha ! What art thou, with a new kind of face,
 And other clothes, a noble creature too ;
 But taller, bigger, fiercer in thy look ;
 Of a controlling eye, majestic make ?

Mat. Do you not know him, madam ?

Em. Why, is't a man ?

Arth. Yes, and the most unhappy of my kind,
 If you have changed your love.

Em. My dearest Lord !

Was my soul blind ; and could not that look out,
 To know you, ere you spoke ? Oh counterpart
 Of our soft sex ; well are you made our lords :
 So bold, so great, so godlike are you form'd.
 How can you love such silly things as women ?

Arth. Beauty like your's commands ; and man was made
 But a more boist'rous, and a stronger slave,
 To you, the best delights of human kind.

Em. But are you mine ? Is there an end of war ?
 Are all those trumpets dead themselves, ' at last,'
 That us'd to kill men with their thund'ring sounds ?

Arth. The sum of war is undecided yet ;
 And many a breathing body must be cold,
 Ere you are free.

Em. How came you hither then ?

Arth. By Merlin's art, to snatch a short-liv'd bliss ;

To feed my famish'd love upon your eyes
One moment, and depart.

Em. O moment! worth
Whole ages past, and all that are to come!
Let love-sick *Oswald* now unpitied mourn;
Let *Osmond* mutter charms to sprites in vain,
To make me love him; all shall not change my soul.

Arth. Ha! Does th' enchanter practise hell upon you?
Is he my rival too?

Em. Yes, but I hate him;
When I was blind, thro' my shut eyes I saw him;
His voice look'd ugly, and breath'd brimstone on me:
And then I first was glad that I was blind,
Not to behold perdition.

Enter Merlin.

Mer. My sov'reign, we have hazarded too far.
But love excuses you, and prescience me.
Make haste; for *Osmond* is even now alarm'd,
And greedy of revenge is halting home.

Arth. Oh take my love with us, or leave me here.

Mer. I cannot, for she's held by charms too strong;
Which, with th' enchanted grove must be destroy'd:
Till when, my art is vain: but fear not, *Emmeline*;
Th' enchanter has no power on innocence.

Em. [*to Arth.*] Farewel, since we must part: When
you are gone,
I'll look into my glass, just where you look'd,
To find your face again;
If 'tis not there, I'll think on you so long,
My heart shall be your picture.

Arth. Where'er I go, my soul shall stay with thee:
'Tis but my shadow that I take away:
True love is never happy but by halves;
An April sun-shine, that by fits appears,
It smiles by moments, but it mourns by years.

Em. May all good angels spread their wings,
And shield my love from harm.

[*Exit Arthur and Merlin.*]

Now my *Arthur's* gone, the loveliest object
To my new-born sight, I'll look around
Upon the lesser beauties of creation.

Enter Osmond, who gazes on Emmeline, and she on him.

Em. Ha! I'm deceiv'd; save me from this ugly thing:
This foe to sight! Speak; dost thou know him?

Mat. Too well; 'tis *Oswald's* friend, the great magician.

Em. It cannot be a man, he's so unlike the man I love.

Ofm. [*Aside.*] She fees, I'm sure:—Death to my eyes, she fees!

Em. I wish I could not; but I'll close my sight,
And shut out all I can——It will not be;
Winking, I see thee still, thy odious image
Stares full into my soul; and there infects the room
My *Arthur* should possess.

Ofm. I find too late,
That *Merlin* and her lover have been here. [*Aside.*

Em. I pr'ythee, dreadful thing, tell me thy business here;
And, if thou canst, reform that ugly face;
Look not so grim at me.

Ofm. My name is *Osmond*; and my business, love.

Em. Thou hast a grizly look, forbidding what thou ask'st,
If I durst tell thee so.

Ofm. My penthouse eyebrows, and my shaggy beard,
Offend your sight, but these are manly signs:
Faint white and red abuse your expectations;

~~Be woman; know your sex, and love full pleasures.~~

~~*Em.* Love from a minister, friend!~~

~~*Ofm.* Come, you must love, or you must suffer love:~~
No coyness, none, for I am master here.

Em. And when did *Oswald* give away his power?

Ofm. O'er-labour'd with the fight, oppress'd with thirst,
That *Oswald* whom you mention'd, call'd for drink.
I mix'd a sleepy potion in his bowl,

~~Which he quaff'd greedily,~~

~~The happy dose wrought the desired effect;~~

Then to a dungeon's depth I sent him bound.

Now know you are my prisoner:——

No coyness, therefore, but make me happy,

~~For I am master here.~~

Em. From my sight!

Thou, all thy devils in one, thou dar'st not force me.

Ofm. You teach me well;

I'll give you that excuse your sex desire.

[*He seizes her, and she struggles.*

Grim. [*within.*] O master, master!

Ofm. Who's that, my *Grimbald*!

Enter Grimbald hastily.

Grim. Oh master! danger threatens thee;

There's

There's a black cloud decending from above,
Full of heav'n's venom, bursting o'er thy head.

Osm. Malicious fiend, thou liest; for I am fenc'd
By millions of thy fellows, in my grove.

~~I bade thee, when I freed thee from the charm,
Run bounding thro' the wood, from tree to tree,
And see if all my devils are on duty.~~

Hadst thou perform'd thy charge, thou tardy sprite,
Thou wouldst have known no danger threaten'd me.

Grim. When did a devil fail in diligence?
Poor mortal, thou thyself art overseen;
~~I have been there, and hence I bring this news.~~
Thy fatal foe, great *Arthur*, is at hand;
Merlin has ta'en his time, while thou wert absent,
To counterwork thy spells.

Osm. Perdition seize on *Merlin*!
I'll cast 'em all a-new, and instantly,
All of another mould; ~~be thou at hand,
Thou composition was before of horror,
Now they shall be of blandishment and love.~~
When I return, proud fair,

Resolve to meet my love;

~~If you are not fairly to be enjoy'd,
A little honest force shall be employ'd.~~

Em. Heav'n, ever ready to the suppliant aid,
Now guard and pity innocence betray'd. [Exit. *OS.*]

SCENE, *A wood with a large oak in the front.*

Enter Arthur and Merlin.

Mer. Thus far it is permitted me to go;
But all beyond this spot is fenc'd with charms;
I may no more, but only with advice.

Arth. My sword shall do the rest.

Mer. Remember well, that all is but illusion.

Arth. Doubt me not.

Mer. Yet in prevention
Of what may come, I'll leave my *Philidel*
To watch thy steps, and with him leave my wand;
Once more farewell, and prosper. [Exit *Merlin*.]

Arth. [walking.] No danger yet, I see no walls of fire,
No city of the fiends, with forms obscure,
To grin from far on flaming battlements.
This is indeed the grove I should destroy;
But where's the horror? sure the prophet err'd.

Hark!

Hark? music, and the warbling notes of birds;

[Singing of birds within.]

~~More wonders yet: yet all delightful too.~~

[The scene opens and discovers a pleasant river, shaded with trees, a golden bridge over it.]

A silver current to forbid my passage,
And yet t'invite me, stands a golden bridge;
Perhaps a trap for my unwary feet,
To sink and whelm me underneath the waves;
With fire or water. - Let him wage his war,
Or all the elements at once, I'll on.

[As he is going forward, nymphs and sylfians come out from behind the trees.]

SONG. — Miss Stageldoir.

How happy the lover!
How easy his pain,
How pleasing his pain,
How sweet to discover
He sighs not in vain.
For love ev'ry creature
Is form'd by his nature;
No joys are above
The pleasures of love.

Arth. And what are these fantastic fairy joys,
To love like mine? False joys, false welcomers all.
De gone, ye sylvan trippers of the green;
Fly after night, and overtake the moon. *[Singers vanish.]*

This goodly tree seems queen of all the grove.
The ringlets round her trunk declare her guilty
Of many midnight sabbaths revell'd here.
Her will I first attempt.

[Arthur strikes at the tree, and cuts it; blood spouts out of it, a groan follows, then a shriek.]

Good heav'n, what monstrous prodigies are these!
Blood follows from my blow; the wounded rind
Spouts on my sword, and sanguine dyes the plain!

[He strikes again: a voice of Emmeline from behind.]

Em. Forbear, if thou hast pity, ah, forbear!
These groans proceed not from a senseless plant;
No streams of blood run welling from a tree.

Arth. Speak what thou art; I charge thee speak thy being.

[Emmeline breaks out of the tree, showing her arm bloody.]

Em.

Em. Whom thou hast hurt, unkind and cruel, see.

Arth. 'Tis she! amazement roots me to the ground!

Em. By cruel charms dragg'd from my peaceful bower,
Fierce *Osmond* clos'd me in this bleeding bark;
So that whatever sword, or founding axe,
Shall violate this plant, must pierce my flesh,
And when that falls I die.——

Arth. If this be true,
O never, never to be ended charm,
At least by me! Yet all may be illusion.
Break up, ye thick'ning fogs, ye filmy mists,
All that belie my sight, and cheat my sense;
For reason still pronounces, 'tis not she,
And thus resolv'd—— [Lifts up his sword,

Em. Do strike, barbarian, strike;
And strew my mangled limbs with every blow.
Wound me, and doubly kill me, with unkindness,
That, by thy hand I fall.

Arth. O love! O *Merlin*! whom should I believe?

Em. Believe thyself, thy youth, thy love, and me;
Disarm thy hand, that mine may meet it bare.

Arth. If falling for the first-created fair
Was *Adam's* fault, ' great grandfire, I forgive thee;
Eden was lost, as all his sons would lose it.

[Going to Emmeline,

Enter Philidel running.

Phil. Hold, poor deluded mortal, hold thy hand,
Which if thou giv'st is plighted to a fiend.
For proof, behold the virtue of this wand;

[Strikes Emmeline with a wand, who straight de-
scends: *Grimbald* appears in her place.

Now see to whose embraces thou wert falling.
Behold the maiden modesty of *Grimbald*!

[*Grimbald* groans.

Arth. Horror seizes me,
To think what headlong ruin I have tempted.

Phil. Haste to thy work; a noble stroke or two,
Ends all the charms, and disenchants the grove.
I'll hold thy mistress bound.

[Chains *Grimbald*.

Arth. Then here's for earnest;

[Strikes twice or thrice, the tree sinks amidst thunder
and lightning, and the bridge breaks down.

'Tis finish'd, and the dusk that yet remains,
Is but the native horror of the wood.

On

On yon proud towers, before this day be done,
My glitt'ring banners shall be wav'd against the setting
sun. [Exit Arthur.

Phil. Come on, my surly slave; come, stalk along,
And stamp a madman's pace, and drag thy chain.

Grim. I'll champ and foam upon't, till the blue venom
Work upwards to thy hands, and loose their hold.

Phil. Know'st thou this powerful wand? 'tis lifted up,
A second stroke would send thee to the centre,
Benumb'd and dead, as far as souls can die.

Grim. I wish thou wouldst, to rid me of my sense.

Chor. Victory! victory! Vice is in chains,
Victory! victory! Virtue reigns. [Exeunt.

SCENE, A camp.

Enter Osmond affrighted.

Osmond. Grimbold made prisoner, and my grove destroy'd!
Now what can save me—Hark, the drums and trumpets!

[Drums and trumpets within.]

Arthur is marching onward to the fort.

I have but one recourse, and that's to Oswald:

But will he whom I've injur'd, fight for me?—

No, not for me, but for himself he must;

I'll urge him with the last necessity:

Better give up my mistress than my life.

His force is much unequal to his rival;

True;—but I'll help him with my utmost art,

And try to unravel fate.

[A march. Exit.]

Enter Arthur, Conon, Aurelius, and soldiers.

Con. Now there remains but this one labour more;

And if we have the hearts of true-born Britons,

The forcing of that castle crowns the day.

Aur. The works are weak, the garrison but thin.

Arth. Then where you see them staggering in their ranks,
And clustering most in motion, there press them home;

For that's a coward's heap—How's this, a fally?

Enter Oswald, Guillamar, and soldiers on the other side.

Beyond my hopes to meet 'em on the square.

Osw. Brave Britons, hold; and thou their famous
chief,

[Advancing.]

Attend what Saxon Oswald will propose.

He owns your victory; but whether owing

To valour, or to fortune, that he doubts.

If Arthur dares ascribe it to the first,

And

And singled from a crowd will tempt a conquest,
~~This Oswald offers~~; let our troops retire,
 And hand to hand let us decide our strife:
 This if refus'd, bear witness earth and heav'n,
 Thou steal'st a crown and mistress undeserv'd.

Arth. I'll not usurp thy title of a robber,
 Nor will upbraid thee, that before, I proffer'd
 This single combat, which thou didst refuse;
 So glad I am, on any terms to meet thee,
 And not discourage thy repenting shame.
 As once *Aeneas*, my great ancestor,
 Betwixt the *Trojan* and *Rutulian* bands,
 Fought for a crown, and bright *Lavinia's* bed;
 So will I meet thee, hand to hand oppos'd:
 My auguring mind assures the same success.
 [*To his men*] Stir not a sword;—if I am slain, or yield,
 Renounce me, *Britons*, for a recreant knight;
 And let the *Saxons* peacefully enjoy
 His former footing in our famous isle.
 To ratify these terms, I swear——

Osw. You need not;
 Your honour is of force, without your oath.
 I only add, that if I fail, or yield,
 Your's be the crown and *Emmeline*.

Arth. ~~That's two crowns.~~
 No more; we keep the looking heav'n and sun
 Too long in expectation of our arms.

[*Arthur and Oswald fight. They close, and Arthur disarms Oswald.*]

Arth. Confess thyself o'ercome, and ask thy life.

Osw. 'Tis not worth asking, when 'tis in thy power.

Arth. Then take it as my gift.

Osw. A wretched gift,
 With loss of empire, liberty, and love.

	[<i>A concert of trumpets within, proclaiming 'Arthur's victory; while they sound, Arthur and Oswald seem to confer.</i>] 'Tis too much bounty to a vanquish'd foe; Yet not enough to make me fortunate.
--	---

Arth. Thy life, thy liberty, thy honour's safe;
 Lead back thy *Saxons* to their ancient *Elbe*:
 I would restore thee fruitful *Kent*, the gift
 Of *Vortigern* for *Hengist's* ill bought aid,
 But that my *Britons* brook no foreign power,

To

To lord it in a land sacred to freedom,

~~And of its rights tenacious to the last.~~

Osw. Nor more than thou hast offer'd would I take:

I would refuse all Britain held in homage:

And own no other masters but the gods.

Enter on one side Merlin, Emmeline, and Matilda, Conon, Aurelius, with British soldiers, bearing King Arthur's standard displayed. On the other side Guiliamur and Osmund, with Saxon soldiers, dragging their columns on the ground.

[Arthur going to Emmeline, and embracing her.]

Arth. Again, again I have thee in my arms.

Em. We are so fitted for each other's hearts,

That heav'n had err'd in making of a third,

To get betwixt and intercept our loves.

~~*Osw.* Were there but this, this only fight to see
The price of Britain should not buy my stay.~~

Mer. Take hence that monster of ingratitude,
Him who betray'd his master, bear him hence;
And in that loathsome dungeon plunge him deep,
Where he plung'd noble *Oswald*.

Osm. That indeed is fittest for me,
For there I shall be near my kindred fiends,
And spare my *Grimbald's* pains to bear me to 'em.

Mer. Away.

[*Osmund* is carried off.]

[*To Arth.*] *Arthur*, thou hast acquir'd immortal fame,
And of three christian worthies, art the first:

And now at once to treat thy fight and soul,

Behold what rolling ages shall produce;

The wealth, the loves, the glories of ~~our life~~, a land

Which yet, like golden ore, unripe in beds,

Expect the warm indulgency of heav'n

To call 'em forth to light—

Nor thou, brave *Saxon* prince, [*to Oswald*] disdain our
triumph:

Britons and *Saxons* shall be once one people;

One common tongue, one common faith shall bind

Our jarring bands in a perpetual peace.

[*Merlin* waves his wand; the scene changes, and
~~discovers the ocean in a storm. Acolus in a~~
cloud above.]

Enter *Neptune*.

Ye blust'ring brethren of the skies,

Whole breath has ruffled all the airy plain.

Retire

*Retire and let Britannia rise,
In triumph o'er the main.*

'Serene and calm, and void of fear,

'The queen of islands must appear.'

[Æolus ascends, and Britannia rises from the sea.

Enter Venus and Cupid.

SONG.—Mrs. Crouch.

Fairest isle, all isles excelling,

Seat of pleasures and of loves;

Venus here will chuse her dwelling,

And forsake her Cyprian groves.

Cupid from his fav'rite nation,

Care and envy will remove;

Jealousy, that poisons passion,

And despair that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,

Sighs that blow the fire of love;

Soft repulses, kind disdaining,

Shall be all the pains you prove.

Ev'ry swain shall pay his duty,

Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove;

And as these excel in beauty,

These shall be renown'd for love.

Mer. These who next enter are our valiant Britons,
Who shall by sea and land repel our foes.

*[A march, while the British sailors and grenadiers
come to the front of the stage.*

Now, look above, and in heav'n's high abyss,

Behold what fame attends those future heroes.

[The order of the garter descends.

SONG.—Mr. Williames.

St. George, the patron of our isle,

A soldier and a saint,

On that auspicious order smile,

Which love and arms will plant.

Our natives not alone appear

To court this martial prize;

But foreign kings adopted here,

At home their crowns despise.

Our sov'reign high, in awful state,

His honours shall bestow;

And see his scepter'd subjects wait

On his commands below.

[Exeunt omnes,

F I N I S.